

# TRUST

*The sea produced an ancient form  
with aquatic wings for soaring  
that gouged the sand away from tide  
above the ocean's pouring.*

*She abandoned hope to trust the past,  
heaved forth the future and at last,  
buried it and left.*

*Now, two moons hence, little turtles pip,  
with soft struggling bodies hatching.  
The sands ensconce as eggs are ripped  
by contorted masses scratching.*

*The siblings toil at a common chore  
to whittle ceiling into floor,  
until at sand's surface just short of sky,  
the unsettled lie, becalmed.*

*The tangled turtles wait  
as heat of day abates  
and cool of night prods  
their reluctance away.*

*At dusk the fits and starts begin  
and then through claw and strain,  
above their heads sand rains again,  
and yields to sky of night.*

*This army boiling in the night gains might,  
and in waves, pours forth to see the sight.  
Soft flippers patter and wipe sand from view  
that eyes might seize upon the cue that betrays the sea.*

*And then, eyes do, they catch the glow  
and every hatchling keen  
rushes on to the goal they know  
but they have never seen.*

*As if clockwork toys tightly wound  
they keep pace and bearing tight,  
for unless the sea is quickly found,  
they will not survive the night.*

*They choose their erring paths  
with neither doubt nor anticipation,  
and their consistency deals them life or death  
with quiet resignation.*

*Thus, night wanes and sights of light remaining  
scatter throngs persistent  
and about the dune abundant obstacles restraining,  
divide the dying from the spent.*

*Weakened few reach the sight they sought,  
a deceptive brightness reassuring  
where trusting forms are caught  
by the sight of lights alluring.*

*Dawn now dries their searching eyes  
and death now rests the weary.  
Might fate have been more kind  
to travelers more leery?*

*Were these turtles to awaken,  
could they sense their mother's plight  
having left her young forsaken  
owing confidence in light?*

*Past's light offered not such bitter seas  
nor played such deadly roles  
to guide hatchlings on to sights like these  
electric lights on poles.*

*Might we masters of the light adapt,  
forgo complete control,  
and lessen obsolescence  
lest our presence take its toll?*

*To tread on earth with darkness soft  
leaves not the night asunder  
and preserves the stars and moon aloft,  
and obsoleted wonders.*

—BEW

